Daily Eagle

LIFE AT A GERMAN BATH.

Health Seekers at the Homburg Wells. In the Concert Rooms.

Life at a German bath begins early: at 6 a. m. or 7 a. m. at latest, the majority of health seekers walk down to the Homburg wells to take their prescribed quantity of water. The scene then in this charming valley is interesting and lively. The long alley leading from the Kaiser to the Elizabeth spring is thronged with people of every age and nationality, all slowly parading up and down, listening to the music of an excellent band near the principal well, thus shortening the intervals necessary between the single doses of water. At 9 o'clock the environs of the springs are nearly empty; every one has hurried home for breakfast. After a pause of pleasant rest the remainder of the forenoon is generally employed in the use of the baths, which are crowded, often overcrowded, in fact, from 11 to 1, at which time lunch again empties the streets and calls visitors to the different hotels and restaurants.

The afternoon is employed in different ways. English visitors flock in large numbers to the lawn tennis ground, one of the finest in Germany, splendidly situated in the middle of the park, and carefully kept in order by the administration. Others prefer excursions to the mountains, where there is much to interest and amuse, and no one will omit a visit to the ruins of the Saalburg, an ancient Roman "castellum." Between 4 and 5 o'clock the neighborhood of the springs again grows lively; many patients now take their afternoon dose of water, and now, just as the Elizabeth well was the most frequented in the early morning, the greater number of visitors are gathered around the Ludwigsbrunnen, or the iron waters, the Luisen and Stahlbrunnen.

After dinner, which takes place generally at 6 or 6:30, the kursaal forms the center of attraction. It is a splendid building, the survival of days when the demon of play held high revels in its gildet chambers, all of which are spacious, the dining room especially, which is remarkable not only by its size, but for the artistic and tasteful decoration. Music enlivens the scene; there are constant performances by military bands in the kursaal gardens, or, if the weather is unpropitious, in the concert rooms. Balls and dances are of frequent occurrence, an opera company gives special performances in the theater, and all but the complaining chronic invalid may be as joyous as they please. Only the hours are early; at 11 or soon afterward, certainly before midnight, all Homburg has retired to rest.—Fortnightly Review.

In the Two El Pasos.

Beside the steam car transit, a small pile trestle bridge—which is used also as a highway for wagons and pedestrians—connects the two El Pasos by horse car line. It is difficult to realize that in merely crossing that narrow, yellow and insignificant-looking stream we bid "adios" to the land of the stars and stripes, its laws and its protection, and plunge into a country as old as Egypt! That five minutes' ride transports us into another world, as it were—into the land of a romantic race, whose civilization, coeval with the palmiest days of Persia, partakes strangely of the Orient. The Mexican side of the Rio Grande shows more foliage, flowers, orchards, gardens—a striking and pleasant contrast after the deserts we have passed; and still more pleasing to eyes that have become weary of mushroom palaces and freshly painted smartness are the old gray walls and softened tints—the indescribable air of rest and repose that well becomes a country which was hoary with antiquity before our lusty infant, the United States, was born.

The Mexican El Paso, though called the "twin" of the opposite town, is at least a century older, but is considered by the time-worn neighboring villages as a precocious young fledgling, barely out of the shell. It has a population of about 7,000, and is distinguished from its American sister by the words del Norte—"of the north." Strolling over the place one sees few signs of the alleged progress of these latter days.

The laws of Mexico have placed so many restrictions upon foreigners who attempt to do business near the borders of this country—prohibiting them entirely from owning a foot of land within certain limits—that all the commercial and other interests of El Paso del Norte remain, very properly, in the hands of the natives. While a few of these are inclined to be energetic, and to struggle up within hailing distance of the times, the majority are buried in a Rip Van Winkle slumber from which nothing short of Gabriel's trumpet can awaken them. The merchants hereabouts, laboring under the same general apathy that appears to have possessed their ancestors, are content to do business on the same small scale and in the same old adobe shops of their forefathers.—Fannie B. Ward's Letter.

Following the Flatboats.

Do you know that in the seasons of low water like the present one these little flatboats are of decided advantage to steamboats, both on the Ohio and the upper Mississippi. You ask why. Well, it is easily explained. In times of difficult navigation like this steamboats frequently have to go to the bank, while a par. of the crew take a yawl and go over certain stretches of the river to sound and ascertain if there is sufficient water for the boat to go over without striking the bottom. In many instances the flatboats relieve the steamboats of that trouble. When a flatboat goes over a bad bar at a time when the wind is calm that is substantial evidence that she is drifting along in the right channel. Steamers follow directly in the track of the flat, and in nine cases out of ten pass over safely, and consequently save a heavy loss of time. In some cases, on very calm but dark nights, these flat or produce boats run at night, and boats that would otherwise have to lay over at the bank follow them right up. —Flatboat Owner in Globe-Democrat.

Out of the Difficulty.

The fishery question is all right, and the American fishermen want no treaty. American ingenuity has found a way out of the difficulty. The fishing is done with seines, and formerly the ends were drawn in toward the land and the fish were captured in schools. Now the Americans have invented a deep-sea seine, which they use in mid-ocean beyond the three-mile limit. It is seventy or seventy-five feet deep, is sunk into the ocean, the bottom forming a kind of hood, and then is raised to the surface with the fish in it. Now the Canadian papers are predicting a fish famine.—Rev. D. S. Phelps in Globe-Democrat.

Owner of an Island.

A newspaper in Bath, Me., says that Mrs. McKean, of Brooklyn, spends her summers alone on Jewell's island, which she owns. She flies a signal for whatever is wanted, and, her signals being understood, she gets what she wants in quick time. On the island she has thirty-five sheep, many lambs, two yoke of oxen, five cows, a bull and a jackass. The paper further remarks that Mrs. McKean, has $1,000,000 in bank stock alone, and that her income is from $200,000 to $500,000 a year. —Chicago Herald.

Some of the milk recently sold in New York city was adulterated with 30 per cent. of water.

A Historic Car.

The historic car, "Abraham Lincoln," which was used by the war president during his travels and in which his remains were conveyed to Springfield after his assassination, is now used as a section hands' boarding car on the Central Pacific railroad.—Detroit Free Press